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EDITOR.

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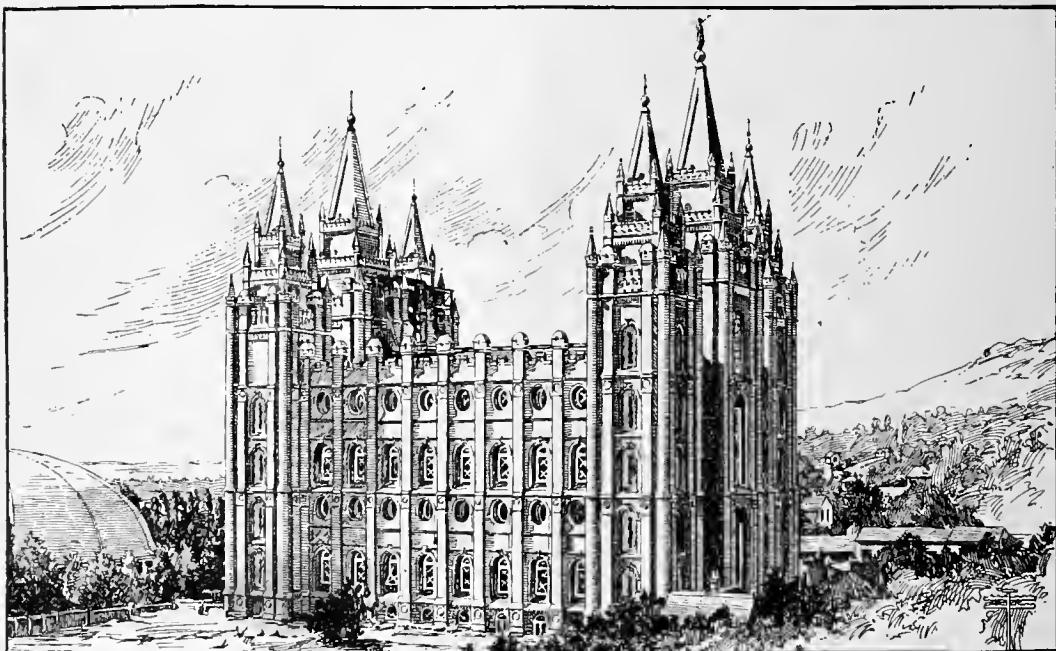
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THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

XI.

FIFTH BRANCH (*Vermes*).

WORMS AND THEIR KINDRED.

IT is almost impossible to give a concise definition of the term "worm;" so many diverse forms of life being included in the branch according to zoologists' classification. Generally speaking, however, a worm may be described as an invertebrate animal, having a head and a tail, a dorsal (upper) and a ventral (lower) surface well defined, and being composed of a number of rings or segments, with jointed appendages or none at all. The segmented structure is frequently more apparent in the arrangement of the internal organs than in the outer form, oftentimes the only external sign being a folding of the skin into rings. Worms of different kinds are found living in earth and in water both salt and fresh; and also as parasites, that is external or internal tenants of other animals' bodies. Let us consider a few of the classes in which worms have been arranged.

The FLAT WORMS (class PLATYHELMINTHES) first claim our attention. The tiny *Planarian Worms* exist in great numbers in most small streams; oftentimes covering stones and other submerged objects.

Figure 1 is a magnified picture of a common one of this class. The little creature is about half an inch in length, dark colored, with two well defined eye spots, and an oval space of lighter color in front of the eyes. The mouth is situated on the lower surface, near the middle of the body; it leads directly into a stomach which is connected with many branching tubes.



Fig. 1.
Planarian Worm, from fresh water (*Planaria torva*). Numerous fine cilia, which give the creature the power of slow gliding motion. These worms multiply in several ways, among which that of self-division is not the least interesting. If a living specimen be cut in pieces, each piece may become a perfect worm. If the head or the tail be slit, the divided parts will develop separately, producing two heads or tails.

Another flat worm is the *Liver Fluke*, shown in figure 2. This is sometimes found infesting human bodies; but it is of most frequent occurrence in the livers of sheep, producing in the animal a variety of the disease popularly known as rot. The eggs of the fluke passing from the intestines of diseased sheep readily hatch in any damp situation. The young worms sometimes find their way into the bodies of snails, where

they undergo a partial development, assuming many strange forms, and at last escaping from the snail. If then brought in contact with the skin of the human body they penetrate it.

Many of them, however, are swallowed by sheep in their food and drink, and if meat so infected be eaten by human beings, unless by thorough cooking the parasites have been killed, the disease may be so transferred.



Fig. 2. The Liver Fluke (*Ditostoma hepaticum*), a worm from the body of a sheep.

a. The mouth opening. b. Digestive tube. c. Abdominal sucker.

Another order of flat worms is that of the *Cestoda* of which the common *Tape Worm*, is a prominent member. In the adult form this is a parasite within the bodies of human beings, and of some of the higher animals. Tape worms have been known to attain the length of twenty or thirty feet. The body is ribbon-like, hence the name, and is composed of numerous segments or joints, which increase in size for some distance from the head, and then decrease toward the tail. (See figure 3.)

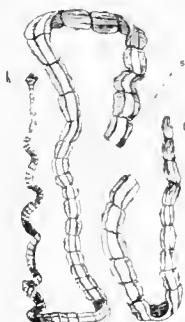


Fig. 3. Tape Worm (*Taenia solium*), parasite of human being. h. Small head. t. Tail. s. Segments or joints.

egg. If a hog had devoured the rat; and if the pig in time had been eaten by a human being, the last-named may have become the host of these undesirable guests. Meat known to contain *tæniæ* should not be used as food; and as a preventative measure, all meat should be thoroughly cooked before being eaten.

Corresponding in classification to the flat worms there is another class, called by zoologists the *NEMATHELMINTHES*, which formidable word means "round or thread like worms." As an example of this let us consider the one time common *Vinegar eel* (figure 5).



Fig. 5. The Vinegar Eel (*Leptodera orophila*). *o.* Oesophagus. *i.* Intestine. *r.* Reproductive organs.

As the name indicates, these worms are to be found in vinegar; but they are of rarer occurrence now than formerly; the reason being, the vinegar as now manufactured contains much less sugar in solution than was the case by the older methods of preparation. These worms do not live upon the vinegar itself, but upon the plant life, which as fungus growth, flourishes upon the unfermented sugar in solution. The vinegar eel rarely reaches one-twelfth of an inch in length, yet by comparison with its thickness it is long and slender. Its body is beautifully transparent, so that the internal structure is readily seen by the aid of the microscope. Specimens may be obtained for examination by sweetening some pure vinegar and freely exposing it to the air. Soon a thick growth of fungi renders the solution turbid, and within a short time this will be found swarming with the

"eels." At one time such a mysterious occurrence of life would have been regarded as an instance of spontaneous generation, living things supposedly coming from dead matter; but careful experiment has proved that unless the eggs or the undeveloped young of the vinegar eels be introduced into the solution, as also the spores of the fungi in which the worms thrive, neither will be found therein. If vinegar sweetened as described, be sterilized by boiling, and then kept from air except such as has been filtered or otherwise cleansed from all floating particles, no such development of life is seen. If, however, such sterilized vinegar be exposed to uncleansed air, both fungi and worms will soon be found in it.

Another form of life very similar to the vinegar eel, and indeed thought to be identical with it, is the *Paste Worm* often occurring in starch paste undergoing fermentation. However, as there may be differences between the two, the paste worm has received a name of its own—*Leptodera Glutinis*. And still another closely allied form is the *Wheat Worm* (*Anguillula tritici*), which makes its home whenever possible in the grains of the growing wheat, devouring the substance. Wheat grains so diseased are irregular in shape smaller than usual, and almost black; they may be filled with eggs or partially developed worms. When such a grain decays the worms are set free, and may remain inactive for many years, and then revive with all their destructive powers as soon as the requisite conditions of warmth and moisture are supplied. By actual experiment it has been proved that these worms may resume active growth after a suspension of all signs of life for thirty years.

But of all the thread-like worms

which are especially injurious to mankind, the *Trichina* (figure 6) is most to

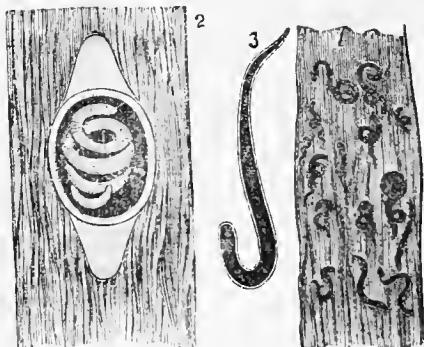


Fig. 6. Trichina in flesh of Swine, (*Trichina spiralis*).
3. A single worm highly magnified. 1. Worms
migrating. 2. An encysted worm
in muscle.

be dreaded. These worms may exist as parasites in the human flesh, having been taken with the food. Their presence in the body gives rise to the disease known as *Trichiniasis*, which is always attended by terrible suffering, and which frequently results fatally. If a piece of meat containing the worms be eaten by an animal or a human being the young trichines develop within the intestines, and soon work their way through the intervening tissues of the body, finally lodging in the muscles. Here at first they feed upon the muscular fibres, growing rapidly; then they become encysted, or encased in little tough bladder-like capsules, each about one-fortieth of an inch in length. It is during the migration of the trichinæ to the muscles that the greatest suffering exists; when the worms become encysted the danger is comparatively over; but many persons so affected die before this stage is reached.

The full grown worm averages one-twelfth of an inch in length, though the size is very variable. Figure 6 shows at 3 a single adult worm very highly magnified; and at 1 is a slice of muscle

with the worms not yet encysted, migrating in it; and at 2 is seen a trichina within its cyst. The writer once examined a portion of the flesh of a young girl who had died from this disease, contracted through eating infected pork, which had been but partially cooked. In a thin slice of muscle but one-eighth of an inch square, ten of the worms, some entirely encysted and others partially so, were counted. If a considerable portion of the muscular tissue were similarly affected, the number of worms within the body would be enormous. Leuckart examined a cat infested with trichinæ; in a single ounce of its flesh 325,000 of the worms were found. It has been calculated that if the voluntary muscles of a human body were similarly infested there would be present fully 1950 millions of the worms. To guard against attacks of trichinæ, only meat from healthy animals should be eaten; and this should be used sparingly; and moreover, all flesh that is to be used for food should be thoroughly cooked. Heat will kill the trichinæ, and if the worms are to be eaten at all it is certainly of prime importance that they be killed first.

Another nematode or thread worm,

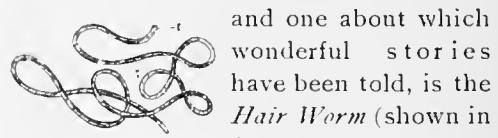


Fig. 7. Hair Worm, (*Gordius aquaticus*). Its form may be found in water of streams and pools;

and one about which wonderful stories have been told, is the *Hair Worm* (shown in figure 7). The adult form may be found in water of streams and pools; and in such places the eggs are deposited. The young worms pass the early stages of life in the water; then they seek entrance into the bodies of certain aquatic animals, particularly the larvae of insects, which in turn may be eaten by fish or water birds, and thus

by fostering care involuntarily bestowed by various hosts, the hair worm reaches maturity; then passing from the body of its latest entertainer, it spends the remaining portion of its life in the water.

This worm has been improperly called the "hair snake," and the popular error has won strong confidence that the creature is a transformed horse-hair. Such a belief is entirely unwarranted. The laws of nature which are ordained of God, do not provide for the development of any earthly form of life except as the offspring of a similar living form existing before; and this chain of parentage reaches back to the first creation by an Almighty hand when the earth received its inhabitants great and small.

J. E. T.

LITTLE CLARA.*

"Oh, children, what a racket you are making! It is enough to drive one wild. Boys, Artie and Steve, this is the last time I am going to speak to you. Just another word from you, and you'll both go to bed without any supper."

"We wouldn't lose much," muttered Artie, as he threw down his ball and gave his mother a defiant scowl. "I'd like to know what a fellow can do if he has to be cooped up in a little stuffy room all day, sit with his hands folded, and if he just opens his mouth a minute to keep from choking to be told to shut up. Be glad when I'm a man."

Suppose we take a peep at Artie's home. A small, low room, scantily furnished serves as kitchen, dining and

sitting-room in one; while joined to the back is the family bed-room. By the waning light of the one small window a woman sits sewing. Her face is thin and haggard, and bears trace of weary hours of toil by the midnight lamp, secret brooding, and heartache. Such a despairing, tired expression in her eyes that one would fain turn away to hide their tears. Poor mother, both body and mind are exhausted in the daily struggle to get bread for her five fatherless children. The strain on her nervous system has helped to change the once sunny disposition to one of constant irritability. So accustomed to scoldings and punishments the noisy, careless children have grown that they pay little heed to their mother's voice. Daily she feels her power weakening, and looks forward with dread to the time when they shall come out in open defiance. But what can be done to avert it, she wonders despairingly.

"Oh, mamma, can't we go out awhile now? 'Cause it's quit raining," said Rose, coaxingly.

"Yes, I will be only too glad to get rid of you for awhile. I'm nearly frantic with your screaming and jangling. Artie, stop that whistling."

"Come on, Art," cried Steve, "let's play marbles."

"What's the good," growled Artie. "You've got the most marbles, and I won't play 'less you divide."

"I'll not do it though," was the flat reply.

"Here, Artie," said a low, sweet voice, and little Clara, the peacemaker, held out her hand to him. "See, a lady gave me this nickle such a long time ago, but you can have it to buy more marbles if you'll play with Stevie."

The heedless boy snatched the coin

*This pathetic story was written for and recited at a May-day concert, consisting of an operetta and other selections prepared by the students of Rhetoric in the B. Y. Academy.

from the generous baby hand, then without a word of thanks ran from the room.

Clara turned away to hide the tears, which would come despite her brave efforts to restrain them. It was so hard to part with her treasure, which she had hoarded for over a year.

"Never mind, little sister," whispered Jack, the only one who understood how she felt. "I will get you another nickle soon as I can get someone to give me a job. I'm 'most eight now, you know. Art ought to be ashamed of himself; mean thing!"

Poor, neglected Clara! Only five years of age, yet older far in experience. This delicate blossom, which should have been nurtured in the sunny atmosphere of love and tenderness, had felt only the chill of indifference and harshness. Affection was the food she craved, and Jack was the only one that gave it. Boy, though he was, he had not yet grown callous to the touch of those little arms clinging about his neck, to the murmur of those sweet lips, "I loves you."

Possessed of warm, sensitive feelings, Clara was very unlike her brothers and sister, who were bright and bold, rough and careless. Little cared they when their mother's fretful voice arrested them in their play and bade them be quiet; but Clara would shrink into some dark corner there to suffer over and over the sting of the harsh words. It cut like a knife to be told that she was always needing new shoes, and was a little nuisance because her apron would wear out. It seemed easier for the over-worked mother to vent her scoldings on this one, who always took it without answering back. She did not notice the pale, sad face of her child, the blue eyes so wistful and lonely.

You should have seen her, with her little yearning heart half broken by neglect, weeping such passionate tears, when she could steal away in some dark corner, wishing she were older and bigger so she could work for mamma.

Today after the children had gone out she crept up to her mother's side, and after some hesitation asked:

"Mamma, is there too many of we? If some of us would die, then you wouldn't have to work so hard and be so tired, would you, mamma? I is the mostest bother, I guess, 'cause I's too little to work, isn't I?"

The mother's heart was touched. "Poor little soul! She is the only one who realizes what a hard struggle life is," she thought with a thrill of pain while aloud she answered absently:

"Yes, dear Clara, hadn't you better run out and play with Jack? You stay in the house too much.."

After Clara had gone she kept recalling those strange words. "What an odd little puss she is," she murmured. "She is the best and dearest child I have, and so thoughtful, but I have cruelly neglected her. Talk of losing any of them! No, no," with a deep shudder, "though I work like a slave, still am I willing to drudge on until they get old enough to do for themselves. Then I pray that I may be released from care and trouble. Oh, Arthur," she moaned, bowing her aching head in her hands, "what a weary, forsaken world this has been since you were taken from me! Three long, dreary years of sorrow and desolation. No one to comfort or cheer my aching heart, and nothing but incessant toil, when at times my thoughts are enough to crush me to the earth. Months pass by so slowly. Am I never to find alleviation of my sorrow?" and once

more the fountain of her woman's heart was opened, and the tears fell fast on the needlework in her hands.

"And I have become so impatient and exacting with my children," she exclaimed reproachfully, as Clara's words once more rang in her ears. "So harsh and cold I have been that they are fast losing all affection for me." Then she felt comforted and continued musing: "As soon as I get paid up for my sewing, and can sell the calf, I will have more time to devote to my darlings."

Just then Rose and Jack came rushing in full of excitement.

"Oh, mamma, what do you think?" they began breathlessly, "Ella is getting up a May-party, and we're all invited. Oh, do let us go, please. Say yes, will you?"

"I'll think about it," answered mamma, smiling at their eagerness.

"Yes, but the best of all," cried Jack, "is that they have chosen our Clara to be queen, and she is to be dressed in white. Isn't that fine?"

"Don't mention it to her, Jack," said mamma, "for I cannot get her a white dress."

"Oh, pshaw! I'll earn the money myself and get it," exclaimed the lad, "for Clara must go. It won't take much to make her a dress, 'cause she's so thin. Why all the children around want her."

"Well, I'll see about it, my boy. Rose, call the children in to supper."

When they had taken their places, Jack's brotherly eye noticed one little vacant chair. "Where is sister?" he asked.

All shook their heads; no one knew.

"I wonder where she is, the tiresome child," said mamma, with the old fretfulness, as she went to the door and

called. "It's raining, too. Oh, you careless children, why can't you look after her. No, Jack, you stay here; I'll go after her."

But though she went all through the orchard she could not find her. Suddenly she stumbled over something. "Oh my darling is that you?" she cried, gathering the drenched and shivering child to her bosom.

"No, mamma, it's only Clara," answered the child, to whom the name of darling sounded strange and out of place. That night when mamma tucked Clara in her little trundle bed she bent down and told the joyous news brought by Jack.

"Yes, mamma, they all told me about it," she answered.

"Well, dearie, aren't you glad?" asked mamma. "My little girl shall have the prettiest white dress that I can get."

Clara smiled her thanks, and dreamily closed her eyes in slumber.

The promised dress was duly bought and made in the prettiest style that the mother could devise. Then she put it on the little girl and held her up to the mirror that she might see how pretty she looked. But Clara's face seemed so thin and pale that a look of terror came in her eyes, as she remembered the face of a little friend of hers as she lay dressed for the grave.

"No, no; please don't make me look," she cried in frightened tones, hiding her face on her mother's shoulder. "Take it off, mamma."

"Why, my child," exclaimed the mother, "What ails you? Mamma thought you would be so pleased with it."

"Oh, I is. I always wanted a white dress 'cause angels wear white. But put it away, mamma, till I need it."

Then mother humored the childish whim, thinking that perhaps she was not feeling well; but as the days glided by Clara seemed strangely quiet and listless. All day she would lie on the lounge apparently indifferent to everything. Her mother tried to rouse her, but when the child begged so hard to be left alone, she hadn't the heart to disturb her.

On the morning before May-day she went in to awaken Clara, and found her with eyes wide open, but, oh, what a change had come over the features! The same, yet not the same. On the pretty child face, now so strangely white and peaceful, the angel of death had painted a farewell look, and the mother who had been so blind and preoccupied, now felt by intuition that her dearest child was about to leave her.

"Mamma, hold me. Clara is going to papa. Tell them to get another queen, and not to feel bad 'cause I'm going. But, mamma, I can still wear my white dress, you know. Why, mamma, you are crying. Will you miss me then? You won't have to work and be so tired when there ain't so many of we. Jackie will be a dood boy and help you. Don't cry, Jack, you know I was too little to work, and was such a twoble. I's so tired; hold me tighter 'tome closer, Jack; tiss sister; yes, papa, I's toming," and as the words died upon her lips her eyes drooped, her heart fluttered as if the little spirit were preparing for flight and Clara was counted one in the heavenly fold.

* * * * * * * * * *
Yes, little Clara did wear her white dress, and all the children came bearing snowy blossoms and May-day posies. Sadly they sprinkled daisies on the tiny white bier. A smile was on the waxen lips, and as they gazed on her in

silence, each felt that though her eyes were closed and her voice silent, still was she there in spirit.

Jack kept moaning as if his heart was breaking. He would not leave her side; and all the little May party mingled their tears together, when kneeling by the tiny coffin, he sobbed: "O, Clara, our angel queen."

Katie Grover.

NOTABLE INSTANCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

Among the Lepers.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

THE hand of the Lord has been made manifest so often and so marvelously in behalf of myself and my companions while laboring in the missionary field in foreign lands that I hardly know how or where to begin relating them, in answer to your written request received some time since. But as the incidents themselves are the principal things wanted, I shall just write as memory shall recall the facts to my mind.

In the first place I wish to testify to my young brethren who may read this that some of the most forcible and convincing proofs that I have ever received that this is the Church and Kingdom of God, has been on account of my traveling without means to pay my way, and having of necessity to rely upon the Lord for food and shelter, and such other things as I have needed. Had I had the means I should, no doubt, have used it to supply my wants, and would not have been under the necessity of crying to the Lord for help. Thus the Lord would not have had the opportunity of showing forth His power and bestowing His blessings, and I should

have been deprived of the testimony, the value of which to me is beyond all price. Surely I can consistently thank my Heavenly Father under such circumstances that I was numbered among the poor and the needy.

The first incident that presents itself to my mind under this head happened at the leper settlement, in 1879, while I was on my first mission to the Sandwich Islands. Many accounts of the prevalence of leprosy among the Sandwich Islanders, and how the government transports all that show any signs of the disease to a settlement by themselves, has been often told in the INSTRUCTOR, so I will not stop now to describe it. When we (brother James G. Knell and I) visited the place in that year there were about 750 lepers there, 83 of whom were members of the Church. The object of our going there was to visit these Church members.

We had secured our passport, as no one is allowed to go there without special permission from the government. Doctor Emerson was the superintendent at that time, and upon entering the settlement we were shown to his office, where we were to produce our passports. The Doctor was away, so we were received by the assistant-superintendent, a Mr. Straun. This man had traveled in many countries, and among the rest had visited Salt Lake City. He was a very profane and impure man, and had caught the leprosy himself through his immorality with the natives.

Upon seeing by our passports that we were Mormons, he looked up with an expression upon his face that showed he intended having a little fun at our expense, and opened fire upon us in about the following language, leaving out the profanity:

"So old Brigham is dead, is he? It is a good thing he died when he did or the Gentiles would have hung him," and added some insulting remark about plural marriage. This made me just indignant enough to feel like talking, and I gave him an impromptu lecture of about three-quarters of an hour in length. When I got through he said, "Well, you people are not as big fools as I thought you were."

The government keeps several clean houses for visitors, where lepers are never allowed to go, and as a rule they furnish food prepared by non-lepers; but Mr. Straun said to us, "Gentlemen, we have special orders from the government not to furnish you Mormons any accommodations. You are at liberty to go and visit your Church members, but you will have to rustle your own food and beds." The answer came to me as an inspiration, and I turned to him and said:

"Mr. Straun, we rely upon the Lord to supply our wants, and I tell you He will furnish us with good food to eat and clean beds in which to sleep."

He answered, "You have a d—d sight more faith in God than I have."

I told him we did not doubt his word in the least on that point.

We had spent before we got there the last quarter we had in crackers and a can of salmon, bringing it with us for food while we should stay there, and had made up our minds to sleep out of doors if we could not obtain a bed in the government building; so that the prediction I was inspired to utter about our getting good food and clean beds was not at all in line with our arrangements, and I confess I was greatly surprised at what I had said as soon as I had said it. But when a person speaks as moved upon by the Holy Ghost, he

speaks the word of the Lord, and the Lord always fulfills His word, as He did in this instance in what seemed to us, and also to this wicked and impure man, a very remarkable manner.

As we continued talking his hardness of heart seemed to gradually melt away, as is so often the case. Finally he broke out suddenly, as though the thought had just occurred to him.

"Gentlemen, if I wasn't a leper myself I would give you a bed in my own house; but you might as well sleep in a native house as mine. There is only one place beside the government house in the town where a clean bed can be had, and that's at the Catholic priest's; but to say Mormon to him has about the same effect as a red rag to a wild bull. It makes him fairly rage." Then, after pausing a moment, he went on: "But I tell you what I can do. I can take you up to the store and let you have what you want to eat, and charge it to my own account."

We protested that we did not wish to put him to any expense, but he said, "You never mind; come along with me."

We entered the store and he said, "Now, gentlemen, what will you have?"

I answered that we had some crackers with us, and if he would give us a pound of sugar to eat with them we would get along nicely.

"Crackers and sugar!" he replied. "That's fine fare for a white man! Don't you like sardines, salmon, oysters, cheese, canned fruits, etc.?"

We admitted timidly that we had a weakness for such things, but did not like to take them at his expense. But he insisted, and handed down one thing after another until we both had as much as we could comfortably hold in our hands.

When we were loaded I couldn't help but say, "Mr. Straun, it is marvelous how soon the Lord has provided His servants with good, clean food to eat."

He looked somewhat confused, but said, "Oh, the Lord had nothing to do with it; I gave you this." We explained to him that the Lord worked in just such simple ways—softening the heart of man to minister to the wants of His servants, and that He had softened his heart whether he would admit it or not.

"Well," he said, "what about your clean beds?"

I told him we would get them as I had been led to predict.

We passed out of the store into the street, and were about to take our leave of Mr. Straun when out stepped the Catholic priest from a house close by, where he had been attending a dying leper. He came straight up to us, and touching his hat said:

"How do you do, gentlemen? You are strangers, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, we are Mormon missionaries, and have come to visit our Church members who live here."

"Oh yes, yes, and where are you going to find lodging?"

"Well, that is the question we were just considering. Mr. Straun here has loaded us up with these eatables, and a clean place to sleep seems about all we lack to make our happiness complete."

"Come along with me, gentlemen. I have two clean spare beds where lepers are never allowed to go, and you are perfectly welcome to occupy them. As for these canned goods that Mr. Straun has given you, put them in your saddle-bags for future use. I will be glad to feed and lodge you for the pleasure of your society. Come right along, gentlemen."

Turning to Mr. Straun, who stood with a well-I-do-declare look on his face, I said, "These are the clean beds, Mr. Straun," and we left him standing there, and followed our friend the priest to his house.

Our new friend whom the Lord had raised up to us was very kind. He showed us to a nice, clean apartment upstairs, brought a tub of water for us to bathe our feet, remarking that he knew how tired we must be after descending the pali (precipice). We remained with him three days, and his kindness never lagged.

After supper we were walking by the government quarters when Mr. Straun called us in. He said he wanted to hear more about our principles, and had a good many questions to ask. His manner was altogether changed, and he seemed sincere in his desire for information. We talked until nearly midnight, and when I looked at my watch and told him the time he was greatly surprised. Three hours had seemed shorter to him than one, he said.

Before we left he made us promise to spend as much time as we could with him. The morning that we left he brought two horses, ready saddled, to take us as far up the mountain as animals could go, and he went with us. When we were about to part his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Gentlemen, you have impressed me as I never was impressed before. If any religion is true you have got it, and I promise you that if I ever get cured of this dreadful disease I will hunt you up." We bore our humble testimonies to him, and after blessing him for his kindness to us, left him and ascended the mountain, while he returned to the disease-stricken settlement.

After our return to mission head-quar-

ters I mailed him the Voice of Warning, Spencer's Letters, and sent him the *News* regularly. He always inquired about us when any of the Elders visited the settlement. He allowed the spark of faith that had been kindled in his heart to gradually die out, however, and was soon back into his old condition. The brethren used to report that Straun was a hard case.

Upon my return to the islands upon my second mission in 1887, I again visited the leper settlement. This time we were kindly housed and fed in the government quarters. The management had changed, and a better feeling existed towards our people, hence the difference in treatment. Brother Enoch Farr, Jr., was my companion this time, and after resting ourselves a little we went down to visit the Catholic priest. He was now a leper himself. His face was swollen terribly, and his ears were elongated until they nearly reached his shoulders. He remembered me immediately that I mentioned my name, and expressed his regret that, being now a leper, he could not again entertain us. I told him we were comfortably lodged in the government building, and that I had simply come down to see him, and to show him I had not forgotten his kindness of eight years before.

This kind-hearted man was the noted Father Damien. He died of the leprosy about a year after I was there, and was buried in his own churchyard, where he himself had laid away hundreds of the natives who were members of his congregation. I remember seeing an account in a paper that a fund was being raised in England and other countries to build a monument to his memory.

I found upon inquiry that Straun was still alive, but had been removed to the leper hospital near Honolulu to be

treated for his eyesight. A few months afterward Elder Jacob F. Gates and I visited him there. He was totally blind, and was led in by one of the Catholic Sisters of Charity who was his nurse. Before telling him who I was I talked to him awhile to see if he would remember me by my voice. He said my voice sounded familiar, but he could not place me. Upon my telling him my name, however, he remembered everything. We stayed about half an hour, and he jokingly remarked that the disease would soon make an end of him, and then he would soon find out which of all these wrangling religions was right. I have never heard anything more from him.

Joseph H. Dean.

CONFessions OF JOHN JEFFERSON JONES.

FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNALs.

JUNE 21st, 1880. Today teacher told us all about jurnels and how to keep 'em. He said we should write down just what we done and how we felt. He said everyone should keep a jurnel. I asked ma about it, and she kind o' laffed, and sed she gessed it wood be a pritty good thing to do. She used to keep a good many. So I'm going to, and here goes.

My name is John Jefferson Jones. Uncle Jack says I was named after Mr horner, who was a great man a long time ago, and Johnnie Jefferson, who used to sit in a corner and take all he could get. I don't care how great they was, I don't like the name. I don't like anything much but Fido and Lucele. My father is Uriah and my mother Tabitha Ann of the same name as me. They call pa Riah, ma Tabbie and me Johnnie for short. I like Johnnie better than John Jefferson.

Ten years ago yesterday pa was watering the cabages, and found me under one of the biggest wuns. As they didn't have no little boy at all, they thought they'd keep me. Pa says I was so ugly I scairt him. I'm not ugly now. I've got black eyes and curly hair. Lucele says if my nose was a little strater, I'd be real prety. I read in a paper that if you wood rub your nose down hard a good many times every day, it wood get straight. So I am trying that treatment now, and I think my nose will soon turn out to be strait as anybody's. Lucele's birthday is tomorrow. I am going to give her my apple turnover. We are both St George boys. No! that haint right. She's a St George boy, and I'm,— Fiddlesticks! What's the matter with me? Well, I know what I mean anyhow, and I'm not going to write it over again. Nobody but me will ever reed this, unless I let 'em and then I'll rub that out.

I can't remember when I got a-quainted with Lucele. It was years and years ago. She's a joly girl, with big blue eyes, and long fluffy yellor hair. Jim Mills said she was "dumpy," 'cause she aint very big, but I got mad at that, and told him if he didn't mind his eye I'd make his long nose "dumpy" for the rest of his life. Jim slunk away at that, like Fido does when I scold him, so I gess he'll behave desent affer this.

Why I like Lucele is cause she's so good. She always tells a feller what she thinks about him, whether its good or bad. She likes me too, 'cause the other day when I made a mistake in Gogrophy she answered the question wrong again, so's not to go above me. I knowed she knew how to answer it rite, 'cause I'd put the lesson out to

her at noon. I must get even with her for that.

Ma's a callin', and my fingers are dredful stiff, so I've got to quit until tomorrow.

September 9th, 1882. Its a long time since I wrote anything in my journal, mor'n two years. Its not my fault though. I'd of been writing every day only somehow or 'nother the blamed thing got lost, and I have been too busy to think of startin' another.

Lots of thiugs have happened since I wrote last. There's been a new president here, a lot of the big girls and boys got marrid; and one of pa's horses died; the Union Club has busted up; an improvement society has come here, and every body's got to quit wearin finery. We got a new teacher from Salt Lake. Lucille has gone to the city with her ma, and Charlie Johnson had a theater, in the wine cellar last night and thats all.

No, there's one more thing that nobody knows but me and Jim Mills. I'm a learning to smoke! Jim's a learning me. He's smoked for two years now. I thought I'd learn while Lucille was away, so's to have something to surprise her with when she gets back. It's awful nasty hard work, and makes me feel like I'd like to die sometimes, but Jim says its mighty nice after you know how, so I'm going to stick to it. There's Jim's whistle now so I'll have to stop again.

I'd like to see Lucille.

May 1st, 1883—When I started up to the Sugar Loaf this morning I felt pretty good. I have just got home and feel so mean and ugly, I dont know what to do. Perhaps if I'll write some in my journal I'll feel better.

Lucille got home day before yesterday, I went right down and invited her to go to the school picnic today, for I wanted

to get ahead of that ugly Tom Carter, I knew he'd be hangin' round soon as he heard she'd come. She wanted to go, and her ma said she could so long as it was with me. I felt pretty proud when I took her basket, and saw her looking so nice in her white dress and pink ribbons and new hat with a wreath of pink roses. No other girl looked half so tony. Then everybody was so glad to see her, and she was so glad to see everybody that it made me feel good to watch her.

We all stopped at the spring to rest and get a drink. I sat down on a rock, and Jim Mills came up and offered me a cigarette. I thought, here was a good chance to show Lucille that what I have so often said about being able to do whatever anybody else has done is trew. I sat there smoking a while without lookin' up. When I did, Lucille was lookin' at me in the queerest way I ever saw. She looked scared and sorry and mad, and everything else all at once. It made me feel dreadful funny. I wanted to throw away the nasty thing, but I was afraid Jim and the other boys would make fun of me, so I hung on to it until it was all smoked up. When I looked around for Lucille she was gone. I felt pretty queer, but I didn't say nothing, only hollered out quite loud, "Come on, folks, let's be gettin' on." When we got up on the ledge I saw Lucille, with Lill, Maggie and Hatt, half way up to the Sugar Loaf. Tom Carter was a taggin' them, hard as he could. I was mad. I'd a set that basket right down and left it if I hadn't been so hungry. And I knew that old Tom would come pokin back after it, and I couldn't stand that. Jim Mills and me took another road and got into the cave first of all, and when the rest came we were swinging standing up.

Somewhat I couldn't get to speak to Lucille, and she didn't come round me till dinner was ready, and then she just said, "Johnnie, there's your picnic. I am going to sit over by Lill." I got hotter than ever. Jim Mills didn't have no pardner, nor no picnic, so I jest said, "Come on, Jim, and get some dinner." I wasn't very hungry, but Jim was enough for both. After dinner, Lucille got in the swing. I helped to swing her a few times, but she screamed and said it made her sick. I asked her to go over to the dark cave, but she said she was afraid of rattlesnakes, and then she went off with Lill and Tom to gather red-bells.

My head got to achin' and Jim gave me something out of a bottle to cure it. It made me sick, and I came off home. I can hear the boys and girls just coming down. I hate picnics! I hate everybody that goes to 'em, and I'd like to kick that Tom Carter! I wonder if Lucille has got "stuck up," going to the city, or is she mad because I talked to Jim Mills. I know she don't like him, says he's a bad boy, and so on. Well, when I ask her to go to another picnic she'll know it.

June 20th, 1886. This being my sixteenth birthday, I thought I would make one more effort at writing a journal. While rummaging through my trunk today I came across the remains of eleven other such records, which I have begun from time to time. Most of them seemed so silly that I burned them. There was one which I began when a little boy, that I could not bear to think of destroying. I think it was the very first one of all. I remember the picnic up to the Sugar Loaf, and how mad Lucille and I got at each other about something. I don't know what. I remember I smoked and it made my

head ache. Jim Mills then gave me some wine, which made me awful sick, and I had to go home. I can drink a heap more nowadays and it don't make me sick either.

Poor Jim! He was a pretty good fellow, after all, if he is in jail for stealing chickens. I'll have to cut him though when he comes out, or people will think I'm as bad as he is, and I don't want them to think that, much as I like Jim.

But wasn't that funny about Lucille! I never had a chance to talk to her for more than a year after that picnic. Somehow or other whenever I came around she had business somewhere else. I took Mary Watson out to a few of the parties, but I didn't like her much, she was such a loud talker. Then I thought I'd try Susie Madson. But I soon got ashamed of her, she was so slouchy, always had half the buttons off her clothes, and sometimes wore a dirty face. I took first one and then another, but none of them suited me, and don't yet. To tell the truth, nobody suits me but Lucille. I've been thinking for a long time that I'd go over and have a talk with her and see if I can't find out what's the matter. I believe I'd be willing to give up Jim Mills' society for the sake of being good friends with her again, if that's the matter. I'll just go over this very day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCLE JACK—What will you do when you get to be a man?

LITTLE JACK—I'll give all the little boys I know a baseball.

"THIS milk tastes as if it was watered," said Mr. Bronson.

"I know it is, papa," said Tommy, "I saw the cow takin' a drink myself."

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**The Problem of Poverty.**

THE problem of poverty is one of the most intricate and puzzling with which the modern civilized world has to deal. It calls forth the ablest thought of our best writers and statesmen, and appeals with tremendous force to all who call themselves Christians and who have within them the least spark of love for their fellow-men. It is not alone the writers of books and newspapers, nor the makers and expounders of law, nor the leading employers of labor and the chieftains among the laboring men, that are united in giving the question prominence and seeking a solution of it. The church, which naturally has so much to do with charities, is brought into perhaps closer association with it than any of the others named or all of them combined. Hence it happens that many of the most earnest reformers of existing modern systems are found in the pulpit; and that most of the practical solutions of the difficulty offered come from those whose work upon earth is supposed by the world to be confined to preparing mankind for heaven.

But where much is given, much is required; where many opportunities are furnished for doing good, each unused opportunity is magnified and discussed as showing grave neglect upon the part of him to whom it had been committed.

Since the church has more and better chances than others to meet with, study and perhaps solve the difficulty complained of, it is the easiest thing in the world to blame the church for its failure to grapple with and promptly conquer the evil. This is the attitude of many who are ever ready to criticize but never to cure, and who are living and noisy examples of the foolishness referred to by the Savior when He presented the case of the man with the beam in his eye intent upon removing the mote from the eye of his neighbor.

And yet we are bound to say that much of the criticism of the methods of modern Christianity, so-called, is well deserved. Its efficacy in preventing crime is notably diminishing; else how comes it that in this boasted age of Christian enlightenment, statistics show that in the last forty years crime has increased five times as fast as population! Exponents of religion now-a-days have departed in great measure from an important portion of their duty—the improvement of social conditions—and content themselves with weaving pretty theories about the means of grace and the future state. Spiritual appeals to man have not been wanting—they have been uttered in every land and tongue. But how much has been done toward bettering the temporal condition of the converts or those who were sought as converts? Daily thoughts and anxieties as to food and clothing and shelter press upon nine out of every ten persons in those parts of the world with which we are acquainted. Would it not seem to be the duty of the leaders of the flock to give counsel and aid and attention to matters so weighty to nine-tenths of the flock? The scriptures tell us that the Savior of man did not neglect them; even He was mindful of the physical

wants of His audience—He multiplied the loaves and the fishes.

One of the great beauties of the Church of Christ, the system which in our day men call Mormonism, is that it looks after and endeavors to supply the temporal needs of its members as well as the spiritual. It holds that the two are inseparable in the complete and perfect organization. Hence its officers are men who know how to meet the every-day difficulties and problems of life. It is essentially an every-day religion. It imposes thrift, industry, cleanliness and health upon those who subscribe to its doctrines. Its plan is to rescue the human soul from the byways of sin and sorrow, and in Zion surround it with new and pure influences, with encouragement and mutual aid. It has no place in its economy for idlers—they are not to eat the bread of the industrious; neither has it any such class as paupers, for each can do something to merit the willing help which is ever at hand for the deserving. It avoids the extremes of opulence and distress, by pointing out the duty of the wealthy, not to donate for the support of an indolent dependent class, but to provide ways of employment and an honest means of livelihood. All this is Mormonism—the neglect of it is the neglect of just that much of the gospel as we understand it.

It may be said for our Church, therefore, that so far as the problem of poverty is concerned it has been well-nigh solved—that is, that abject poverty which frequently leads to, and is often held as an excuse for crime. Our leading men in all the stakes and wards are enabled by their positions and the confidence the people feel in them, to look below the mere surface and beyond the actual present. It is their duty to do

this; and in order to do it most effectually they make it their business to take an actual interest not only in the studies and the employment engaged in by the young, but to mingle with them in their amusements also. That community is in a blessed condition when it can be said, "Among us are none poor." As the world understands the word "poor," that much can be said of our communities today. But there is room for improvement in our social and industrial condition, and an order has been revealed under which even the existing differences and faults will be removed. To attain that more perfect plan ought to be the earnest desire of every Latter-day Saint who is at all acquainted with the evils in the world. Some day it will be attained. Meanwhile we and our children have abundant cause for gratitude that so much of distress and sorrow has been escaped. We are a happy, contented, prosperous people in all our abiding places. No community that we know of on the earth can today say as much with such a full measure of truth.

HOW A FARM BOY STUDIED BOTANY.

WHEN a farm boy, my father's family moved from the mountains of Pennsylvania to the prairies of Missouri. Our farm was on the high, rolling prairie, where the flowers in spring and early summer were a blaze of glory. So many of them were new to me I desired to learn their names. I bought a botany—Gray's Lessons—with the Manual, and by hard study learned to analyze the flowers and find their names as given in the book. I became so fascinated with the study that while breaking prairie I was ever on the alert to find a new plant, and I seldom

returned from the field without having one or more to analyze. My instruments for dissecting the flowers were only a small pocket knife, a handled needle, tweezers, and a single lens for magnifying the smaller parts. But simple as was my outfit it answered my purpose, and in the course of one summer I had learned the names of quite all the flowering plants on the prairies.

When desiring further knowledge of botany, and especially of the implements and instruments needed for more advanced study, I wrote to Prof. Gray, the author of my botany, inquiring about the tools, and much to my joy he

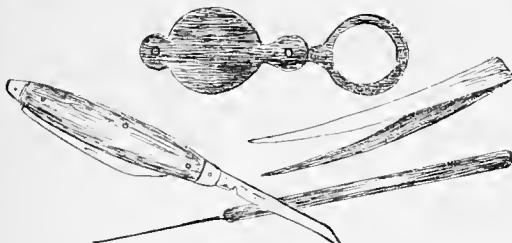


Fig. 1. My first instruments for studying botany.

kindly replied, giving me the desired information.

A boy on the farm twenty-five years ago received but little pocket money, and like many others my portion was very small. How I planned and saved the dimes till I could purchase the much needed microscope! Paul Roessler of Hartford, Conn., was the only maker of the kind of simple instrument that I wanted at that time, and way off there I timidly sent my three dollars and fifty cents for the much coveted instrument. It was of a similar pattern to the Excelsior Dissecting Microscope, now made by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, of Rochester, New York, although much inferior in plan and finish.

In due season it arrived by mail. It opened up a new world to me, so that I

often dissected flowers till midnight, learning the names of plants so difficult of analysis that it took me hours to trace them through the analytical key of my botany.

When quite familiar with the flowers, the desire naturally came to preserve a specimen of each that I had studied. To do this I needed a botanical box for collecting the plants, and a botanical press, in which to dry them.

I made a very efficient collecting box out of a tin box which had contained ground pepper at the country store.²⁷ A button was fastened on each side to

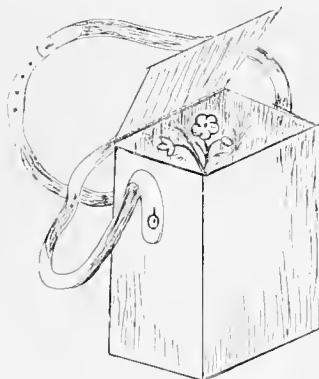


Fig. 2. Collecting Box.

hold a leather strap, which suspended the box from my shoulder. In this box, with its tight-fitting lid, my plants would keep fresh and in bloom for a day or two, giving me time to prepare them for the press, when the work for the day was finished.

I tried several plans for pressing my plants, and in this the simplest way proved to be the best. Botanical presses with screws or with wedges proved to be useless. But a little box, filled with gravel for the weight, and another box just large enough to receive it was a success. The drawing shows this press complete. It was about ten to fifteen inches wide and six inches deep. As the plants became flattened under pres-

sure the loose box followed with constant pressure on the papers.

I placed my plants in sheets of paper called blotters, which I procured from the printer. They were kept in these till thoroughly pressed and dried. I used drying pads made from newspapers, catalogues and magazines, whatever I could procure for the purpose. These were cut to the size of my press, a dozen or more sheets being fastened together in an envelope of newspaper secured by flour paste.

I had about fifty of these drying pads, so that by changing them once or twice a day my plants could be speedily dried.

When specimens were dry I placed them each in a clean sheet of white

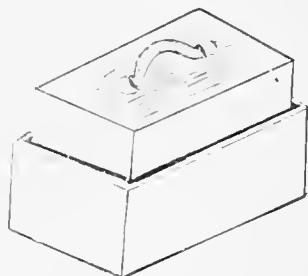


Fig. 3. Botanical Press.

paper, or if very small, like spring beauties and violets, I placed two or three of a kind on a sheet, fastening each with strips of paper or mucilage. On one corner of the sheet I wrote the common name, the botanical name, the date when gathered, and the locality where it was found.

For keeping the plants permanently, I found that foolscap paper, which is 8x12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, of a suitable size. The plants were fastened on the inside or third page of each sheet, the name being written on the first page. These are called specimen holders.

Several of these belonging to one genus of plants, as for instance a num-

ber of kinds of violets, I placed in another cover called a genus cover, on which was the name of the genus. One or more of these genus covers belonging to one family of plants were placed in another or outer cover, on which was the name of the natural order or family to which the enclosed plants belonged.

These were all kept in a suitable box or cabinet.

Farm boys so often dislike the farm because they find no enjoyment at home. Yet there is an unbounded field of leisure on every farm if one knows how and where to look for it. The boy who reads this and wishes to profit by it can obtain a simple microscope and a botany in any of our cities. A pocket knife he of course already has, and the needle, tweezers, press, box, and herbarium papers he can surely make after reading this article. Here is pleasure from the blooming of the first spring beauty till the flowers are gone in autumn, and profit in the knowledge obtained about the growth of plants that will lead to more perfect farming and greater income.

J. L. Townshend.

HOW SHE FOUND THE TIME.

"Ah!" said Mr. Nelson, as drawing his chair to the center-table, his eyes rested on one of the popular writings of the day, "so you have a new book to read, Sarah. Where did you get it?"

"I borrowed it of Mrs. Merton, or rather she lent it to me, insisted upon my taking it because she said she knew it would interest me. I told her it wasn't much use taking it, for I should never find time to read it."

"But she had found time, hadn't she," asked her husband, a little roguishly.

"Of course she had. She always finds time to do everything she wants to. I never saw such a woman in my life."

"And yet she has four children, and keeps but one girl?"

"And I have only two children, and as many girls, I suppose you would like to add, wouldn't you?" responded the wife, just a little bit out of humor.

"I must confess you have guessed aright, my dear. But I would not have said it in a fault-finding way, but simply from a desire to find out if we can why you have so little time to devote to reading—why you always have so much to do. Does Mrs. Merton do up everything as neatly as yourself? Her parlors, I know, always seem the perfection of order and comfort, her husband's and children's clothes are always tidy, and she herself, in appearance, the personification of neatness and good taste. But, after all, perhaps there may be some oversight that is kept out of sight."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Nelson, emphatically. "She is one of the most thorough housekeepers I ever knew. I have been sent for there when she has been taken suddenly ill, and so violently too as to be unable to give a single direction, and yet everything needed was always found without the least trouble, every drawer and closet was in order, and the whole house would have borne the rigid scrutiny of the most prim member of the Shaker sisterhood. And yet she is never in a hurry, and though always doing something, never complains of being wearied. She does all her own and children's sewing, even to cutting dresses, and coats and pantaloons; embroiders all her collars and sleeves and little girls' ruffles; writes more letters every year than I have done since my marriage,

and reads more than any other woman not purely literary that I ever knew. But how she does it is a mystery."

"Why don't you ask her to solve it?"

"I have thought of doing so; but—but—well, to own the truth, I am ashamed to. It would be a tacit confession that I am in the wrong somehow."

"But do you think you are?"

"Sometimes I do, and then again I think my failures to do what I would so dearly love to, are the results of circumstances which I cannot control. For instance, yesterday afternoon I meant to have emptied my mending basket entirely. I could have done so easily, and then one worry of the week would have been over. But Mrs. Lawrence and her friend from Provo came in quite early, and as you know, passed the afternoon. I could not blame them for coming when they did, for I had told them to come any afternoon this week, and I was glad to see them and enjoyed their visit. Yet it upset my plans about mending entirely, for of course it would never have done to have littered the parlor with that. The afternoon was lost so far as work was concerned."

"But was there nothing you could do?"

"Yes, if I had only had it. There were the handkerchiefs and cravats you want to take with you next week, which I might have hemmed if I had only had them. But you see I had designed them for this afternoon, and so did not go out to buy them till today. And now I suppose the mending must lie over till next week and then there will be two baskets full. And so it goes. I wish sometimes the days were forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours long."

"Well I don't, I am sure," said her husband, good-humoredly, "for I get

tired enough now, and I doubt, Sarah, if either you or I would find any more time than we do now."

"Well, one thing is certain. I never shall find time, as the days are now, to do what I want to do."

"But you say Mrs. Merton does."

"Yes, but she is an exception to all the rest of my acquaintances."

"An honorable one!"

"Yes, an honorable one. I wish there were more with her faculty."

"Perhaps there would be, were her example followed."

"I understand you, and perhaps some day will heed the hint,"—but here her further reply was prevented by a request from his head clerk to see her husband alone on urgent business.

All this time while Mrs. Nelson had been bewailing the want of time, she had sat with her hands lying idly in her lap. To be sure, she was waiting for Bridget to bring the baby to be undressed, but she might easily have finished hemming the last cravat in those precious moments, and there it lay on her work-stand, and her thimble and thread both with it. But she never thought of taking it, not she. She never thought it worth while to attempt doing anything while waiting to do some other duty that must soon have to be performed. And thus in losing those moments, she lost the evening's chance to finish the hem; for when baby did come, he was cross and squally, and would not let her lay him in his crib until near nine o'clock, and then she was so tired and nervous, "she couldn't," she said, "set a stitch to save her life."

It happened one day, in the following week, after a morning of rather more flurry and worry than usual, that she went to the center-table to hunt for a misplaced memorandum. In her search

for it, her glance casually fell upon the borrowed book, and with that glance the foregoing conversation rushed forcibly over her memory.

"I declare," said she, "I have half a mind to run over to Mrs. Merton's this afternoon, and cross question her till I learn her secret. Such a life as I am leading is unbearable. I can't stand it any longer. If she can find time I know I can, if I only know how."

And true to her resolution, for though seemingly hasty, it had for some time been maturing in her mind, almost unwittingly she found herself at an early hour in her friend's parlor, her bonnet and shawl thrown aside, and herself, work-bag in hand, snugly ensconced in a low rocker beside her little workstand.

"You have not finished your collar, then," she observed to Mrs. Merton, after awhile, by way of leading the conversation in the desired channel.

"O yes, indeed," answered her hostess, tossing her head to the one side gaily, with a pretty affectation of pride. "Didn't you notice how becoming it was?"

"And commencing another so soon?"

"Only basting on the pattern so as to have it ready for some odd moment."

"But how can you bear to spend so much time in embroidery? Why not purchase it at once, it is so much cheaper in the end?"

"For the wealthy it is, I grant, and for those not very wealthy, if their eyesight is poor, or if lacking in taste and needle skill. But I find it cheaper to do it myself. My husband's salary does not allow us many luxuries, and the small sum we can spend for them, I prefer should go towards purchasing what my own fingers cannot make. I can embroider collars and sleeves not so perfectly, it is true, as they do in

foreign climes, but handsomely enough to suit my own and husband's eye—but I cannot write books, magazines, reviews, newspapers, and they are luxuries more essential to my happiness than these articles of dress, so I do my own needlework, and with the money thus saved we purchase something that will never go out of fashion, an intellectual heritage for our little ones, as well as a perpetual feast for us."

"But how do you find time to do such work? I cannot conceive how or where."

"Well, I hardly know myself, said Mrs. Merton, laughingly. "My husband sometimes tells me he believes the fairies help me. I seldom sit down to it in earnest, but I catch it up at odd moments, and before I am aware of it myself, it is done."

"Oh dear," and Mrs. Nelson sighed, "I wish I had your faculty. Do pray, Mrs. Merton, tell me the secret of your success in everything. How do you always find time for everything?"

"Do you question me seriously, or only mockingly, to remind me how much I leave undone?"

"Seriously. Yes, very seriously. To own the truth, it was to learn this I came over here today. There are a thousand things I long to do, because they would not only increase my own joys, but those of my husband and household, but I cannot find the time. Yet you do them, and you have more cares and duties than I. If you will tell me your secret, believe me, I shall feel under the deepest obligations to you."

Her friend hesitated a moment. She was not wont to speak very much of herself, believing that character should reveal itself by actions mostly, and conscious that it will, too, whether it be

a perfect or a faulty one. Yet there was such an urgency in that voice that had asked it now, that she at length conquered the scruples of modesty.

"I am afraid I shall remind you of 'great I,' if I undertake," said she, with a blush, "yet I can hardly give you my experience without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism. Yet, as we are alone, and as you seem to think I have avoided some of the besetting evils of this life, why I will reveal to you what you call my secret.

"My mother early instilled into my mind and heart, by precept and example a few rules of action that I have sedulously endeavored to follow, and which I believe almost more than anything else have contributed to my domestic peace and happiness.

One of them is to always have a time for every ordinary duty, to have that time at such a day or such an hour of the day as is best adapted to its perfect fulfillment, and always extraordinary cases only excepted to perform the duty at that time.

For instance my general sweeping day is on Friday because to my mind it is the most suitable one of the week. And the best portion of the day to do it in is very early in the morning, for then I can throw open my doors and windows to the freshest, purest breezes we get at all and I am not disturbed by the din of travel nor annoyed by the dust, and then by postponing my bath and breakfast toilet, merely throwing on a wrapper and cap to sweep in till the house is clean, why I am tidy for the rest of the day. Whereas, if I wait till after breakfast, I must spend time to take another bath, and make another change of dress. Now, I confess, it is hard sometimes to keep to this rule. When my sleep has been broken by the

restlessness of my babe, or when something has kept me up later than usual the previous evening, I feel strongly inclined to lie in bed and let the sweeping hour go by. But the direful consequences always stare me in the face so ruefully, that sleepy and weary though I may be, I struggle out of the bed—for it is verily a struggle, and tying down my hair, and buttoning on my wrapper and drawing on my gloves, as my old aunt used to say, 'I make business fly.' And I assure you I always find myself enough happier to compensate me for my efforts, hard though they seemed.

"And then, for a second rule, I always have a place for everything, and always put it in its place, and thus waste no time in looking after things. For example, perhaps you will laugh at it, but I always make it a rule to put my thimble in my sewing box when I leave my work, no matter how great the hurry, and you can have no idea until you have tried it, how much time is thus saved. Why I have one friend, who says she lost so much by looking up her thimble, that she has bought herself three, so that when one is mislaid, she needn't wait to hunt it up. Yet this rule, which soon would become a habit, would have saved her time and money.

"The third and last rule necessary to specify is this: to be always busy, or perhaps I ought to say, employed, for with housekeepers generally, to be busy is to be in a worry over too much work."

"But you don't mean to say you never rest, that you never get tired?"

"By no means. I both rest and get tired, and many times each day. But rest does not always imply cessation from labor. Sometimes it does, I grant, and when, after any unusual fatigue, I

find myself inclined to lie down and sleep, I always indulge the feeling. It is one of Nature's promptings, which, to insure health and joy, should be heeded. And I do not feel that I ever lose any time that way, for the half or even hour's sleep, so invigorates me, that I can work with twice the ability afterward that I could if I had striven on with weary limbs and fretted nerves. But many times a change of employment or occupation will rest one as much, nay more, than idleness. You know yourself, after a busy forenoon on your feet, that it rests you to sit down in your rocker and busy yourself with your sewing. And sometimes, when I have been handling heavy clothes, such as coats and pantaloons for my boys, till my arms and fingers ache, I rest them by taking up some light garment for my babe or little girl. Or when my limbs ache severely from some arduous duty, and yet I have no inclination to sleep, as is frequently the case after rocking a wearisome child, I lie down on my old-fashioned lounge and rest myself in body by that course, while I soothe, and gladden and improve my mind by reading, always being careful, though, to put by the book just so soon as I feel that I am enough recruited."

"But suppose that you get behind with your work from sickness, or company, or some other cause, what do you do then?"

"I never allow myself to get behind-hand from the latter cause—visitors. I never allow them to interrupt my domestic affairs. I never invite company except on those days of the week that have the lighter duties. And if casual visitors come along, they will not disturb or hinder you if the rules I have given you are implicitly followed.

You are always ready for chance company. And with these rules, even sickness, unless long continued, will not vary the domestic economy. But if I do get behindhand, I make it up as quick as possible. I rise an hour earlier every morning, and deny myself the luxury of visiting till the accumulated work is performed."

"Excuse me, but I must ask one more question. What do you mean by odd times? You said you should work your collar at odd times."

"I can answer you but by examples. Yesterday afternoon I was going to cut and baste a dress for myself. But unexpectedly a friend from the country came in to take lunch with me. Now I did not want to litter the parlor with my pieces, so I went to my basket and took out a pretty little sack for Harry and spent the time in sewing on that. I always keep something in my basket suitable for such odd times, and when I have nothing really necessary, I take up my embroidery. And then you know we wives are frequently obliged to wait till a considerable time has elapsed for the appearance of our husbands at the table, and those odd moments, to women usually so irksome, are very precious to me. I always mean to have the meals ready at the hour, but if Mr. Merton is not here then, and being head clerk, scarcely a day passes but some meal must wait, instead of watching the clock or thumping on the windows, I read the newspapers and magazines. I assure you I never take any other time to read them, and yet I am never behind-hand with them. And when I have none of them at hand, I catch up some popular story that I want to read, and yet don't want to give that time to, which I usually devote to solid reading. The volume I lent you"—Mrs.

Nelson blushed; she had had it a week and read only the first chapter—"I read in four days in this way. And when I have no reading that I am anxious to do, I spend the moment in writing. Most of my letters are penned while waiting for the tea bell to ring. And hark, there it is now. A pleasant sound for your ears, too, I guess, after the lecture I have just given you. Please," and she rose gracefully, "let 'great I' usher 'dear you' to the dining-room."

"With pleasure, yet I wish the bell had not rung so early. I have not heard half enough."

"Have you never observed, my dear friend, that many sermons lose half their effectiveness by undue length. The benediction at such a time is noted as a relief, not a blessing. Some other time I will preach the rest."

"I pray heaven I may have resolution enough to practice what you have already taught. Sure I am, if so I do—my life, what is left of it, will be like yours, a perpetual sermon, and my daily benediction be like yours also, the blessings of my children and the praises of my husband."

C. A. S.

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

WHEN Elder Henry Eddington and companion were traveling as missionaries some years ago in the North Carolina Conference, they distributed very freely the tracts written by Elder John Morgan explanatory of the principles of the gospel. Some of these tracts contained an explanation of the principle of baptism for the dead, which to many people is, though a new doctrine, very attractive.

Some of these tracts came into the hands of several young ministers of the —— Church, who were known as

"circuit riders," because it was their duty to travel around and around a certain district to look after the spiritual interests of the flock. These young and inexperienced fellows read with interest the new ideas concerning the redemption of the dead, and thought seriously on the subject.

Just about this time a lady died in that neighborhood, who was not a member of any church, but with whom these young ministers had enjoyed numerous conversations on religious subjects. She had steadily withheld their pleadings to join their religious society, but now that she was dead they desired that her name should be enrolled on their church records and her soul be saved. How to accomplish this, however, was a mystery to them until the Latter-day Saint tract furnished them thoughts concerning baptism for the dead. They accordingly met together and considered the subject, deciding to allow an innovation on their established creed to meet this special case.

The young lady, by this time, had been dead two days. Nothing daunted, they proceeded to the house where her corpse was, and taking a door from its hinges, lashed the body to it and immersed the door and body in the water, thus administering, as they supposed, a saving ordinance to the deceased.

To the credit of the superintending minister of the district, be it said, that as soon as he visited the neighborhood and learned of this disgraceful proceeding, he excommunicated the offending youths from the fold.

This incident serves to illustrate the errors into which uninspired men, though professed followers of Messiah, fall, when they seek to interpret the plan of salvation by the wisdom of man.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THERE is a very general disposition among the Stakes of Zion to do all in their power to sustain the Church academies, and in many of the Stakes to sustain what are called Church seminaries also. The disposition which prompts this is a good one, and it is pleasing to witness it; but there will have to be care taken that zeal does not outrun discretion in these matters. The Saints, in their eagerness to establish creditable schools of learning of this character, if not careful may overstep the bounds of prudence and may take upon themselves burdens greater than they can conveniently carry. The appeals which have been and are now being made to the General Board of Education brings this matter prominently to the attention of its members. Ambitious to do all in their power, some of the leading officers in the various stakes have attempted the erection of buildings and incurred other expenses which they find it very difficult, in the present stringency of money matters, to meet, and consequently appeals are either made to the First Presidency of the Church or to the General Board of Education for the help that they need.

A condition of affairs has arisen in the Territory connected with the schools which calls forth serious reflection. The teaching of religion is not permitted in the common schools of the Territory. Teachers have been sometimes employed whose inclinations have not been favorable to religion. Text books also, in many instances, convey wrong ideas. It was felt that children going to the common schools under such circumstances were in danger of going astray in their views respecting the Deity and the plan of salvation. The question arose, "What antidote

can be provided to correct this tendency?"

Many thought that the proper course would be to establish Church schools, to which all the children of the Latter-day Saints could go. Such a plan certainly would have been a good one, if it had been feasible; but the circumstances of the people did not permit such a plan to be carried out. Besides, would it have been wise, even if practicable, for the Latter-day Saints to withdraw their children from the common schools and lay themselves open to the charge, so often circulated, that we were not friends to education and desired to keep our children in ignorance of those principles, as taught in the district schools, with which all American children are familiar? The Latter-day Saints paid their school taxes the same as other citizens. Whether their children went to the district schools or not, these taxes still had to be paid; but if they went to Church schools they would derive no benefit from the taxes and they would have tuition fees to pay to the Church schools, because there were not funds enough at the disposal of the trustees of the Church schools to meet expenses without charging fees.

This subject received careful thought, and the General Board of Education came to the conclusion that it was not wise, speaking generally, for the Latter-day Saints to establish Church schools or seminaries for the purpose of educating their children in the primary and intermediate branches; but that children who were no farther advanced might with great propriety go to the district schools, which are sustained by the taxes of the people, and for which, under the law, no charge is made.

But in the case of older pupils it was

felt that they should have Church academies provided for them, wherein they could be taught the more advanced branches of education. The General Board of Education entertains the views that whatever means can be spared for education should be concentrated as much as possible upon academies of high grade, and not be expended upon schools where the primary and intermediate branches are taught. To prevent, however, any injurious consequences to the faith of the children through their imbibing at the district schools incorrect ideas concerning religion, it was decided that religious classes should be formed in all the Stakes, and that a set time of each day, or of one day (say Saturday) might be set apart for the children to receive instruction upon religious subjects, these classes to be held in addition to the Sunday schools. It was thought that in this way wrong impressions concerning religion could be corrected, and the simple principles of the gospel be taught, so that faith might be promoted in their minds. This policy has been adopted in many of the Stakes. Its general adoption would save a great deal of expense, by enabling the Latter-day Saints to avail themselves of the benefits of the district schools and thus be relieved from the necessity of paying tuition fees.

In Salt Lake City there are a good many district schools, and at least some of these are admirably conducted. Why should not the taxpayers avail themselves of the opportunities for education which these schools furnish?

There appears no good reason why they should not, if proper precautions be taken in providing religion classes and Sunday schools for the children, and this is certainly better, under present circumstances, than to assume

the burden of building schoolhouses and paying fees for the teaching of these lower grades.

There should be no more carelessness on the part of parents respecting the character of the teachings which their children receive. They should not leave the educating of their children altogether to teachers. They should know and take interest themselves in what their children are taught. They should make inquiries of them and learn by conversation with them concerning the impressions made upon their minds by the teachings they receive at school. No matter how good a teacher may be no parent should entirely leave his children to his care. Of course in writing in this strain it is not the intention to discourage those who feel able to sustain Church schools for instruction in the primary and intermediate departments. There may be many perhaps who feel that they would rather pay the fees necessary to sustain the Church schools for children in every grade than to have them go to any other school. Where this feeling exists, and they can afford it, there certainly can be no objection to their forming and sustaining such schools. But these remarks apply to the ordinary conditions which exist among the people in the various stakes. There are very few communities which, without help, can afford, after paying their school taxes, to pay the subscription necessary to sustain schools for the teaching of the lower grades. As to financial help from the General Board of Education it cannot be expected. The Board does not have the funds to help schools or seminaries of this class. Whatever aid it can render ought to go to the academies.

Our Church schools are doing a great amount of good. They deserve the

heartiest support. The present aim is to bring them up to a high plane, so that at them a sound academic education, as well as direct instruction in religious principles can be obtained.

It is contemplated at the present time to start the Church University in Salt Lake City at the opening of the next school year by teaching at least four courses of study. The design is to make these so thoroughly good that they will compare favorably with the courses taught in other universities. It is hoped that after being started in this way other courses may be added until every branch of learning will be imparted under the direction of the best educators that can be procured. The present intention is to make these four courses free, with the exception of an entrance fee.

SINCE writing the above, it has occurred to me that perhaps what I have said may have the effect to weaken some of the brethren in their efforts in sustaining Church seminaries or schools where the primary and intermediate branches are taught. I should be sorry for anything I say to have this effect. Where schools have been started and obligations have been created, there should be a united effort made to meet them and to liquidate all indebtedness.

The object in writing the foregoing views is to set forth the policy which the General Board has thought it best to pursue, and to check the growing tendency to create indebtedness in various directions with the expectation that the General Board of Education or the Church will aid in discharging it.

I WOULD not give much for the Christianity of anyone whose Christianity did not make him kinder to his dog and cat.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

The Orphan Boy.

RAGGED and hungry was the orphan boy,

That never had a Christmas toy,
Begging all day in the snowy street
Hurrying along with naked feet.

Give me a penny, he would say,
So I may buy some bread today;
Still on he goes through the snow
His pain and hardships no one would know.

Then, when you meet an orphan boy,
Share with him all your joy.
Try and help him like a man,
And do for him what e'er you can.

A. A. Monson. Age 14 years.

RICHMOND, UTAH.

A Pet Pigeon.

I HAVE a pet pigeon. Its name is Robbie. Its color is a light blue. We all think so much of him. Every morning when papa gets up to build a fire, Robbie is watching at the door, waiting to have it opened, so that he might come in to get his breakfast.

When I get up and go out he is so glad to see me, and flies right up on my shoulder. Then I get some wheat for him, and he will walk down my arm, and eat out of my hand.

When Robbie gets done eating he will fly up on one of the pictures that hangs on the wall. If anyone goes to get him down he will pick at him and fight. He does not like to be taken down.

My pet likes to stay in the house, and when he is put out he will fly right back against the door and try to get in.

One very cold day my brother put him out. We were in the front part of the house. He darted down against the window and tried to get in; and when he found he could not he would sit outside on the window-sill and looked in so innocently, as if to say, "Let me come in."

Robbie washes himself in a wash dish of water every day. Sometimes we are quite busy and forget to get him some water; then he will fly on the wash stand and help himself to the water in the wash dish.

Sometimes my little sister, Nellie will get him and wrap him up, and play he was a baby. Robbie rather enjoys this. He will come right to her at any time. She can go right up to him, while none of the other children can do so except when he is hungry and wants his wheat.

Millie Curtis. Age 9 years.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

George's Disobedience.

ONE day in the month of January both of George's parents were absent from home, and all of the children had been left under the care of May, his eldest sister.

George had received special orders not to go anywhere during their absence, and above all to keep off the ice, as there was a thaw, and the ice would not be very strong. George's parents had not been gone long when a crowd of boys came for him to go skating. He first thought of his instructions, not to go on the ice, and then of his longing to go, but a word from his sister soon made him decide which to do, so he told the boys that he could not go. They then wanted to know why; so

George had to tell them the reason, which brought from the boys many teasings and bribings to get him to go.

Finally a boy, who was the eldest of the crowd, and one to whom they gave the office of leadership, said, "Oh, come on and go; you can get back before your folks get home and they will be none the wiser, because none of the boys will tell on you." Now this was very wrong for this boy to tempt George to disobey his parents, and he knew that the boys would do just about what he said, for they all looked to his word as superior to their own; but in this one thing George thought that he was wrong and said so, but the boys were all on the leader's side so they coaxed him until he finally went, but not with a clear conscience.

When he put his skates on and went on the ice, he forgot all about his intention to get home before his parents did, but was soon to be reminded of it by an accident which was caused by the ice breaking. He was skating very fast and did not notice a little branch that had been frozen at both ends and the middle sticking up, and as he went along he caught his skate in the loop formed by the branch, and he fell on the ice receiving a severe bump or shaking up. But this was not all: the ice not being strong on account of the thaw, cracked when George came down, and when he scrambled up it broke and let him under.

Some of the boys heard the splash of water and ran to his rescue and got him out, but he was all dripping with water, besides being bruised and cold. It was in this condition that he went home, and arrived just in time to see his parents drive into the yard.

He caught a very severe cold, and was sick for more than a week. His parents did not punish him, for they said that they thought he had had enough

punishing for his disobedience, and George thought so too.

C. L. H. Age 14.

On a Dry Farm.

I LIVE on a dry farm in the northern part of Utah. We have no running water to irrigate our land with, but the Lord blesses us with plenty of hay and grain. We have a windmill to draw water for our stock.

I have a nice pony to ride after the cows. We have to go two and a half miles to Sunday school. We enjoy the ride very much. I am anxious to get the *JUVENILE* to read the little folks' stories.

Delbert E. Hess. Age 13.

An Indian Dance.

ABOUT a block south from our residence is a Moquis village. The Moquis are a very peculiar people, being in some respects quite civilized.

A short time ago I witnessed one of their dances, and it was quite amusing.

They first gathered a short distance from their village and dressed themselves in all sorts of ways, to represent different persons and animals. Some looked very much like bears, dogs, and many other different things. Then one beat the drum, and they all formed in a line and marched to their village, and there they all danced and kept time with the beating of the drum.

Two elderly Indians stood apart from the rest and gave orders and sprinkled consecrated cornmeal on each one of them.

The general way in which they danced was this: They all stamped with one foot and then the other, and as the managers gave orders they would make motions with their hands and turn

around. They would dance this way for some time, and then they would go away and change their costumes. While they were doing this they had some of the other Indians dressed very comically, and they would act as clowns. They kept this up from sunrise until about an hour before sunset. Our family has been in this country only a short time, and it was quite a curiosity to us.

TUBA CITY, ARIZONA.

Grace Nebeker. Age 13 years.

STORY OF A MOUNTAIN CROCUS.

ONE morning very early in March, when the snow was beginning to melt on the southern slope of the mountains, and the hills were growing dry and brown except in the shade of the tall evergreens, where the sun could scarcely peep through, I was walking along the mountain side looking at the catkins on the quaking asp trees, and noting the little spires of green just pushing through the soil, when down in a sunny little nook, surrounded by juniper bushes, I caught sight of what seemed to be a snatch of blue sky.

I stooped down and drew away the prickly green needles and there I found a little wild crocus. The tiny flower was nestling cosily in its mossy cup, and as I stood listening a gentle breeze passed over it. When I heard it whispering softly I bent down, and this is the story the crocus told me:

"A long time ago, when Jack Frost began to make his visits at night, nipping the leaves of the little plants, tweaking people's noses, and painting his pictures on the windows, I was living here among the junipers wearing my fall suit of brilliant green.

"But this frolicsome Jack Frost would

toss his white coverlet over everything, and my dress grew dull and gray. The leaves on the tall quaking asps above my head were stiff and brown, after having been golden, and rustled in the breeze.

"I shivered and withdrew into my round, brown house underground, which people call a bulb. The wind came roaring over the mountains. It whisked the dry leaves from the trees; it whirled them round and round, then tossed them down among the bushes above my head, saying: 'Sleep, little crocus, until springtime comes, and I will wake you with a light breath.' I then fell asleep but awoke ere long shivering. The leaves over my head seemed too light to keep away my visitor's icy breath.

"But presently I grew warmer, and then I knew he was spreading a thick, white coverlet over my bed. The snow came down in great flakes, and the nights grew colder and colder. The little leaves stirred and whispered together, before they settled down for their winter nap. I slept again, this time for many weeks."

"When I awoke I listened. Could I be dreaming? No, surely that was the birds singing again.

"I wrapped myself closely in my gray furs and peeped out. The waters were murmuring down the mountain side, a pretty bird dressed in blue sang on a juniper bough near by, and as I listened a gentle breeze kissed my cheek and whispered, 'See, I have kept my promise, little sister.' I looked up. There was the sky like a blue sea above, the clouds floating lazily over it. The waters asked gaily as they went laughing by, 'Why do you look so sober, little one?'

"Then I threw back my mossy mantle and showed my pale blue dress beneath.

"The skies seemed pleased that I had

chosen their color, and as the sun smiled down into my heart, he changed it to the golden color of his rays."

This is the story the crocus told me, and when it had finished I could not take it from the home it loved so well.

Alice Kellogg.

MAMMA'S STORY.

"SHALL I tell you a story about what I did when I was a little girl?" asked Mrs. Bond of her children.

"Oh, yes! We like to hear such stories best of all," they exclaimed.

"Neither of you have ever seen your grandfather, because he died before you were born. But when I was a little girl he was the captain of a whaling ship."

"What kind of a ship is that?" asked Jamie.

"A ship that goes on a voyage to catch whales," answered Mrs. Bond. "Father used to be gone three years, and sometimes five, on a voyage. Once he said that mother might go and take me. I was then only six years old."

"Did you have any little girls to play with?" asked Emma.

"No; but the sailors were kind to me. They used to draw pictures for me, make fish nets, etc. They told me wonderful stories, too, about what they had seen and done at sea. I did get lonesome when it was so stormy that I could not go up on the deck."

"How long were you gone, mamma?" asked Charles.

"Three years and a half," answered Mrs. Bond. One day, after we had been out for nearly two years and a half, as we were passing near an island, father thought he would take his ship and get some other kind of food to eat. We had all grown very tired of the food which we had on the ship. As soon as

the natives saw us coming they began to get into their little boats, and came to meet us. Black, naked people they were. They soon swarmed over our ship just like an army of rats. Father was afraid we would all be killed, so he ordered that the ship should set out to sea again. For two miles, or more, they followed us in their boats. Some of them had to be pushed off the ship at last."

"Didn't they get drowned?" the children cried out together. "No; they knew how to swim," answered Mrs. Bond.

"A few days afterward we came in sight of another island. Father said that he was going to land, and I began to cry; for I thought, of course, the same kind of people lived there as we had seen on the other island. We got so near that we heard the church bells ringing. Then we knew that it was Sunday. I was not afraid any longer, when I knew that they loved God. Two men came out to us in a little boat, to tell us that we could not land on Sunday, but that they would bring us anything we needed. On Monday we landed, and stayed there for three days, and were well treated."

A STRANGE OPERATION.

A LITTLE boy whose father never uses a razor was much amazed and interested on the morning after his arrival at his uncle's house to see that gentleman shaving.

"Why, Uncle Fred!" he exclaimed, after watching the operation for a few minutes, "I don't see what makes you wash your face with that little broom, and wipe it off with a knife. Papa doesn't!"

CAMPAIGN MARGH.

BY H. A. TUCKETT.

Lively.

FINE.

TRIO.

D. C. AL FINE, THEN TRIO. *ff*

D. G.

NEW YORK CITY has at least 100,000 child-workers, 8,000 of whom make envelopes at three and a quarter cents a thousand. There are 250,000 working women, some of whom work on boys' waists at two and a half cents a dozen. There are 15,000 children and 60,000 men and women without homes, wandering in the streets by day and sleeping in them by night under any fugitive shelter they are able to obtain. There are thirty acres of land that have 17,000 people crowded on them.

A LAWYER worried a witness with so many questions that the poor man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, "I think, sir, you had better let the witness go now, for you have pumped him dry."

WHY is an unsuccessful effort like a lady who appears in public with her face uncovered? It is without avail (a veil).

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